



54-40 OR FIGHT

BY EMERSON HOUGH
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SYNOPSIS.

The story is told by Nicholas Trist, his chief, Senator John Calhoun, offering the portfolio of secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet, is told by Dr. Ward that his time is short. Calhoun, however, is not ready to die, and if he accepts Tyler's offer, it means that Texas annexation must be added to the Union. He plans to learn the intentions of England with regard to Mexico through Baroness von Ritz, secret spy and reputed mistress of the English ambassador, Pakenham. Nicholas is sent to breathe the baroness's house a carriage drives up and Nicholas is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, who says she is being pursued. The pursuers are shaken off. Nicholas is invited into the house and meets with the baroness's life notes that the baroness has lost a slipper. Nicholas is given the remaining slipper as a pledge that she will tell Calhoun everything. He gives her as security an Indian trinket he intended for Elizabeth. Elizabeth's father consents to the proposal for her hand. Nicholas is ordered to leave at once for Montreal on state business and decides to be married that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Calhoun accepts.

A woman's tongue is her sword, that never loses its rust—Madam Necker.

I struggled among three courses. The impulses of my heart, joined to some presence of trouble, bade me to follow Elizabeth. My innermost demanded that I should marry, for I was sure that the Baroness von Ritz would make no merely idle request in these circumstances. Hesitating thus, I lost sight of her in the throng. So I concluded I would obey the mandate of duty, and turned toward the great hall. Indeed, I was well toward the steps which led out into the grounds, when all at once two elements of my problem resolved themselves into one. I saw the tall figure of Mr. Calhoun himself coming up the walk toward me.

"Ah," said he briefly, "then my message found you."

"I was starting for you this moment, sir," I replied.

"Wait for a moment. I counted on finding you here. Matters have changed."

I turned with him and we entered again the east room, where Mr. Tyler still prolonged the official greeting of the curious, the obsequious, or the banal persons who passed. Mr. Calhoun stood apart for a time, watching the progress of this purely American function. It was some time before the groups thinned. "This latter fact usually would have ended the reception, since it is not etiquette to suppose that the president can lack an audience; but today Mr. Tyler lingered. At last through the thinning throng he caught sight of the distinctive figure of Mr. Calhoun. For the first time his own face assumed a natural expression. He stopped the line for an instant, and with a raised hand beckoned to my chief.

At this we dropped in at the tail of the line, Mr. Calhoun in passing grasping almost as many hands as Mr. Tyler. When at length we reached the president's position, the latter greeted him and added a whispered word. An instant later he turned abruptly, ending the reception with a deep bow, and retired into the room from which he had earlier emerged.

Mr. Calhoun turned now to me with a request to follow him, and we passed through the door where the president had vanished. Directed by attendants, we were presently ushered into yet another room, which at that time served the president as his cabinet room, a place for meeting persons of distinction who called upon business.

As we entered I saw that it was already occupied. Mr. Tyler was grasping the hand of a portly personage, whom I knew to be none other than Mr. Pakenham. So much might have been expected. What was not to have been expected was the presence of another—none less than the Baroness von Ritz!

So we were apparently to understand that my chief was here as a friend of England? Of course, I need not word from Mr. Calhoun to remind me that we must seem ignorant of this lady, of her character, and of her reputed relations with the British foreign office.

"I pray you be seated, Mr. Pakenham," said Mr. Tyler, and he gestured also to us others to take chairs near his table. Mr. Pakenham, in rather a lofty fashion, it seemed to me, obeyed the polite request, but scarcely had seated himself when he again rose with an important clearing of his throat.

"Your excellency," said he, "her majesty the queen of England's wish is somewhat anticipated by my visit here to-day. I hasten only to put in the most prompt and friendly form her majesty's desires, which I am sure formally will be expressed in the first mails from England. We deplore this most unhappy accident on your warship Princeton, which has come so near working irreparable injury to this country."

"Sir," said Mr. Tyler, rising, with a deep bow, "the courtesy of your personal presence is most gratifying. Allow me to express that more intimate and warmer feeling of friendship for yourself which comes through our long association with you. This respect and admiration are felt by myself and my official family for you and the great power which you represent."

Each having thus delivered himself of words which meant nothing, both now seated themselves and proceeded to look mighty grave. For myself, I stole a glance from the tail of my eye toward the Baroness von Ritz. She sat erect in her chair, a figure of easy grace and dignity, but on her face was nothing one could read to tell who she was or why she was here.

"I seize upon this opportunity, Mr. Pakenham," said Mr. Tyler presently, with a smile which he meant to set

all at ease and to soften as much as possible the severity of that which was to follow. "I gladly take this opportunity to mention in an informal way my hope that this matter which was already inaugurated by Mr. Calhoun before his untimely death may come to perfectly pleasant consummation. I refer to the question of Texas."

"I beg pardon, your excellency," rejoined Mr. Pakenham, half rising. "Your meaning is not perfectly clear to me."

The same icy smile sat upon Mr. Tyler's face as he went on: "I cannot believe that your government can wish to interfere in matters upon this continent to the extent of taking the position of openly ally of the Republic of Mexico, a power so recently at war upon our own borders, with the brave Texans who have left our flag to set up, through fair conquest, a republic of their own."

The mottled face of Mr. Pakenham assumed a yet deeper red. "As to that, your excellency," said he, "your remark is, as you say, quite informal, of course—that is to say, as I may state—"

"Quite so," rejoined Mr. Tyler gravely. "The note of my Lord Aberdeen to us, none the less, in the point of its bearing upon the question of slavery in Texas, appears to this government as an expression which ought to be disavowed by your own government. Do I make myself quite clear?" (With John Calhoun present, Mr. Tyler could at times assume a courage though he had it not.)

Mr. Pakenham's face glowed a deeper red. "I am not at liberty to discuss my Lord Aberdeen's wishes in this matter," he said. "We met here upon a purely informal matter, and—"

"I have only ventured to hope," rejoined Mr. Tyler, "that the personal kindness of your own heart might move you to give a matter as to which may lead to war between two powers."

"War, sir, war!" Mr. Pakenham went wholly purple in his surprise, and sprang to his feet. "War!" he repeated once more. "As though there could be any such hope!"

"Quite right, sir," said Mr. Tyler grimly. "As though there could be any hope for us save in our own conduct of our own affairs, without any interference from any foreign power!"

I knew it was John Calhoun speaking these words, not Mr. Tyler. I saw the Baroness's keen, cold eyes fixed closely upon the face of his president. The consternation created by the latter's words was plainly visible.

"Of course, this conversation is entirely irregular—I mean to say, wholly unofficial, your excellency," hesitated Mr. Pakenham. "It takes no part in our records."

"Assuredly not," said Mr. Tyler. "I only hope the question may never come to a matter of record at all. Once our country knows that dictation has been attempted with us, even by England herself, the north will join the south in resentment. Even now, in restiveness at the fancied attitude of England toward Mexico, the west raises the demand that we shall end the joint occupancy of Oregon with Great Britain. Do you perchance know the watchword which now on the popular tongue west of the Alleghenies? It bids fair to become an American 'Marseillaise.'"

"I must confess my ignorance," rejoined Mr. Pakenham.

"Our backwoodsmen have invented a catch which runs 'Fifty-Four or Fight!'"

"I beg pardon, I am sure, your excellency."

"It means that if we could, to terminate the very unsatisfactory mudslide along the Columbia river—a stream which our mariners first explored, as we contend—and if we con-

clude to dispute with England as well regarding our delimitations on the southwest, where she has even less right to speak, then we shall contend for all that territory, not only up to the Columbia, but north to the Russian line, the parallel of 54 degrees and 40 minutes! We claim that we once bought Texas clear to the Rio Grande, from Napoleon, although the foolish treaty with Spain in 1819 clouded our title—in the belief of our Whig friends, who do not desire more slave territory. Even the Whigs think that we own Oregon by virtue of first navigation of the Columbia. Both Whigs and Democrats now demand Oregon north to 54 degrees, 40 minutes. The alternative? My Lord Aberdeen surely makes no deliberate bid to hear it!"

"Oh fight!" exclaimed Pakenham. "God bless my soul! Fight us?"

"Mr. Tyler flushed. "Such things have been," said he with dignity.

At this astounding speech the British minister sat dumbfounded. This air of courage and confidence on the part of Mr. Tyler himself was something foreign to his record. I knew the reason for his boldness. John Calhoun sat at his right hand.

"At this point, your excellency, the dignity of her majesty's service would lead me to ask excuse," rejoined Mr. Pakenham formally, "were it not for one fact, which I should like to offer here. I have, in short, news which will appear full warrant for any communication thus far made by her majesty's government. I can assure you that there has come into the possession of this lady, whose able services I venture to enlist here in her presence, a communication from the Republic of Texas to the government of

the face of England's minister now for the first time wore color. He knew what this meant.

As for John Calhoun, he played with both of them as a cat would with a mouse, sneeringly superior. His answer was couched in terms suited to his own purposes. "This dignity, Mr. President," said he, bowing deeply again, "so unexpected, so onerous, so responsible, is one which at least needs time for proper consideration. I must crave opportunity for reflection and for counsel."

Here, then, seemed an opportunity for delay, which Mr. Pakenham was swift to grasp. He arose and bowed to Mr. Tyler. "I am sure that Mr. Calhoun will require some days at least for the framing of his answer to an invitation so grave as this."

"I shall require at least some moments," said Mr. Calhoun, smiling. "That 'Marseillaise' of '44, Mr. President, says 'Fifty-Four or Fight.' That means 'the Rio Grande or fight,' as well."

A short silence fell upon us all. Mr. Tyler half rose and half frowned as he noticed Mr. Pakenham shuffling as though he would depart.

"It shall be, of course, as you suggest," said the president to Pakenham. "There is no record of any of this. But the answer of Mr. Calhoun, which I await and now demand, is one which will go upon the records of this country soon enough, I fancy. I ask you, then, to hear what Calhoun replies."

"I have had some certain moments for reflection, Mr. President," said he, "and I have from the first moment of this surprising offer on your part been humbly sensible of the honor offered so suddenly and so unasked a man."

"Sir, if I take this office which you offer, I do so with the avowed and expressed purpose of bringing Texas into this Union, in full view of any and all consequences. I shall offer her a treaty of annexation at once! I shall urge annexation at every hour, in every place, in all ways within my means, and in full view of the consequences!" He looked now gravely and keenly at the Englishman.

"That is well understood, Mr. Calhoun," began Mr. Tyler. "Your views are in full accord with my own."

"What, then, is the answer of John Calhoun to this latest call of his country?"

"That answer is one which is in our history."

"John Calhoun accepts!" said my master, loud and clear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Her Cousin Joe

By LOUISE HENDERSON

It all began for Tilly the day her father came home from the village with a box and a letter for her. The box held books, were volumes mostly, borrowed from Joe Mackintosh's library, and the letter told her he had happened to send them to Tilly.

Joe Mackintosh was first cousin to Tilly's father, though considerably younger and a promising lawyer in the city. Once when Tilly was a little thing of 12 and coming up to see her father with a companion for two days' fishing and had lodged at the poor cabin in the clearing. Tilly remembered him. And it seemed he remembered her, for he had sent her the books.

Tilly's mother was a stout, slatternly woman and her father a hard-working man who for all his hard work seemed not to accomplish anything. Neither of them knew more of the world's affairs than did the woodchucks that whistled on a sunny afternoon in the high, slanting pasture.

"I wish the land that man'd kept his readin' trash to home. The young one won't be worth her salt to help with the chores till she gets 'em all read through," grumbled the mother.

Tilly did not stop with reading them through; she read them again and again, she studied and pondered them, for there was much she did not understand. Through them she came to feel that she had a friend in their giver of whom she must never lose sight.

Joe's letter had been brief and simple. It bade her tell him whether the box had arrived safely and how she liked its contents.

Tilly spent happy hours in writing a reply and received an answer to her little letter of thanks and gratitude. A generous epistle which pointed out to her many things about her books which otherwise might have escaped her.

That was the way in which their long correspondence started. Tilly saw that there was someone who could understand, who cared for the same things she did. She poured out to Joe her aspirations and hopes and impressions; she asked him how she should speak and act and dress; and



she confided to him her secret ambition of one day getting out of the back woods into the beautiful world where she should have learned how to take care of herself.

Each letter was noticeably better than the one before, for Tilly struggled desperately to improve, and the man who had had his own trials in getting an education realized something of what this woman-child was passing through. The letters Joe became for Tilly the hero of all her romances, the living embodiment of all her dreams.

It was not until Tilly was hired to teach the village school at the fork of the road that her parents began to realize that her book-madness had its method. The money Tilly earned teaching took her to the High School in the village at the foot of the hills, where she made astonishing progress and won the approval of her instructors. Joe wrote regularly. He sent her gifts of books and trinkets and a girl's heart, in many other ways he helped her, for he was beginning to be a man of influence.

When she graduated he sent her in a wonderful box under layers of fine white tissue paper, exquisite emeralds, brooches, rings, and a pair of gloves, with a fan—an outfit which the daintiest girl of his acquaintance would have been glad to possess. And Tilly was glad, for she had been troubled to know where her frock was coming from.

The letter of gratitude she sent her cousin Joe only feebly expressed her perfect joy. If only he could come to see her wear the dress on that one greatest day of her life! But Joe could not come. He was away on his famous case to try.

That fall Tilly began to teach in the High School where she had prepared for college. In the years that had passed since that eventful day when Joe's books came to her there in the backwoods, many changes had come—her mother had died and her father had married again a widow with a better farm than his own, which he and

the youngest boy were working. The two other boys had gone west.

Tilly never went home now. The space between her and her father and brothers had widened immeasurably until neither she nor they cared to cross it. As they had withdrawn, Joe had come nearer, until now it seemed he filled her life and her heart. She longed to see him; the picture she had of him told her little.

One dull March afternoon, after a hard session in the classroom, Tilly came home to her boarding place to find a letter from Joe awaiting her. As she took it up she felt the usual little thrill of pleasure and interest. She began to read expectantly, then all at once something seemed to go wrong with her heart. Slowly she turned to the bed and sat down upon it and hid her face in the pillows. But she could not cry, though she thought her heart was broken. Joe had written to say that at last he was going to be married.

"The most beautiful girl, Tilly—a butterfly, an orchid, what you will of such rare delicacy and brightness that I tremble at my temerity in daring to possess her. We shall be married this late fall and I want you to come to the wedding."

She lived through it. Tilly was not without admirers—any one of whom she might have done well to marry. But she did not care for them, and had no intention of marrying just for a home, some time, perhaps—but not now, not then.

Joe continued to write as formerly. Sometimes he spoke of being at a party or the opera with his fiancée and Tilly tried to imagine it all, with a brave attempt at equality.

That fall she got a call to a city school at an increase of salary. It was a school where she would be able to see Joe still helping her, and she knew it. She wondered whether she were strong enough to go where she must occasionally see him. And then the longing to see him, to be near him, overcame every objection.

"I shall be there in plenty of time for his wedding," she thought to herself.

She began teaching almost immediately after reaching the city. She had found a good boarding place near the school and felt that she was going to be very comfortable. She had written to Joe before coming, and she wondered why he had not come to see her or at least write. He did write presently from a distant state, whether the interests of some client had taken him or not.

"I will see you just as soon as I return," he said, "but I can't tell exactly when that will be." He did not mention "the most beautiful girl."

It was on a Saturday evening a month later that Tilly was called down to the parlor to see a visitor. She was receiving a good many calls now from her new acquaintances, but somehow this summons seemed pregnant with meaning, as if Joe himself might be down there waiting for her. Hastily she changed her work dress for one of plain white linen. She made herself move slowly; she walked downstairs quietly. She would not lose control of herself. The instant she saw the man who was waiting for her she knew him, though to her mind with a glad thrill that her idea of him had never done him justice. She went toward him, holding out her hand quite collectedly.

"I'm so glad to see you, Cousin Joe," she said.

They sat down together and talked more like old friends than you and your fiancée in reality they were. After a while Tilly asked him about the "most beautiful girl."

"Oh," he said, "I really cannot say. She has, you know, ceased to be my own particular 'most beautiful girl.' She has—in fact, she likes me because she found someone she liked better. I didn't blame her. Her selection of me was poor taste in the first place. As for me, I had reached the point where I must either neglect her or my profession. And I had worked hard for my profession, and I needed it at my time of life. So I am very well suited."

"I am sorry," Tilly said. She sat looking down at her hands and trying to think.

"Are you?" Joe said, smiling. "But I shall have time for you, Joe." "Still, I am sorry for you," Tilly persisted. "You must feel so disappointed."

"Oh, well," he said. "When half gods go—you know the rest?"

Tilly did. And then they began to talk about Emerson.

That winter went on wings for Tilly. Joe was very nice to her. He took her about a great deal and gained an entrance for her into the houses of many charming persons, who were delighted to have her.

One autumn afternoon, just at the edge of the spring, as they chanced to be walking together, all of a sudden—so suddenly, in fact, that Tilly's breath was quite startled away—Joe asked her to marry him.

"But—but I'm such a queer person for you to want to marry," gasped Tilly, her fresh young cheeks very red. "I'm only a backwoods girl, you know Joe."

He smiled down into her eyes and she wondered if heaven would be dearest and sweeter than his eyes with that look in them.

"You're my girl, Tilly," he said gently, "and that makes all the difference in the world."

Quilting Bees for Lent

"The woman who thought up the idea of having quilting bees has for number of years held Lenten classes in her town house and sold the hats trimmed by the class."

"Quilting bees are to take the place of some of the old hat-trimming contests next Lent," said a young woman who makes a business of managing Lenten entertainments. "The first I knew about the new fad was when one of my patronesses asked if I could manage a quilting bee for her next season instead of the usual hat trimming."

"It seems that all the summer she had been piecing quilts. Now I am lining them so they will be all ready to stretch in the frames for quilting by the end of the season, and incidentally I am also learning how to quilt."

"My teacher is an old lady who used to have a clientele for whom she made old-fashioned calico quilts. Then calico quilts went out of style, and she has been devoting her time to quilting automobiles. Besides conducting the classes I have engaged to supply the quilts for some of the



LOCKING FINGER IS LATEST

Little Tool That Locks When Closed Requires Considerable Force to Open Just Invented.

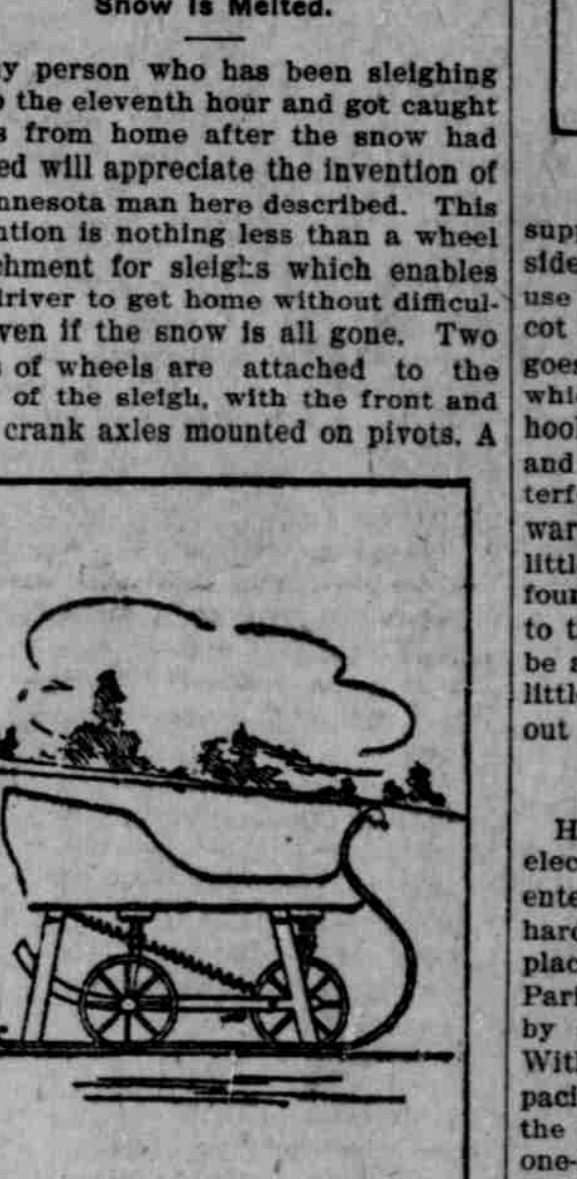
A pair of pliers that lock when they are closed and that require considerable force to open have been invented by a California man, and men who use pliers that need a tight grip will appreciate the implement. The jaws are locked by dovetail tongues that enter sockets at their inner ends. Nor is



This tool only to be used as pliers. On either side of the jaws are a hammer and punch, and the dividers are removably attached and are held in place by thumb screws so that they can be taken out at any time when they are likely to be sent by the work to which the tool is being used or to scratch the user. Midway up the handle, too, is the rule by which the spacing of the dividers can be regulated. Going back to the pliers it should be mentioned that their jaws are so curved that when closed they surround a circular opening by means of which pipes or other round bodies may be accommodated, though, of course, the jaws will not lock if they do not meet at the outer ends.

ATTACH WHEELS TO SLEIGH

Conveyance That Is Handy When One Is Caught Miles From Home After Snow Is Melting.



Any person who has been sleighing up to the eleventh hour and got caught miles from home after the snow had melted will appreciate the invention of a Minnesota man here described. This invention is nothing less than a wheel attachment for sleighs which enables the driver to get home without difficulty, even if the snow is all gone. Two pairs of wheels are attached to the body of the sleigh, with the front and rear crank axles mounted on pivots. A

bar running through the two axles is adjustably connected to the rear support of the sleigh body. A strong spring keeps the wheels clear of the ground when they are not in use, but when needed they are let down, and the connecting bar locked so that the sleigh rests on the wheels and ice runs in several inches above the ground. It takes only a few minutes to make the change and the vehicle may be used comfortably in places where the conditions of the road vary.

Utilize Manufacturing Waste.

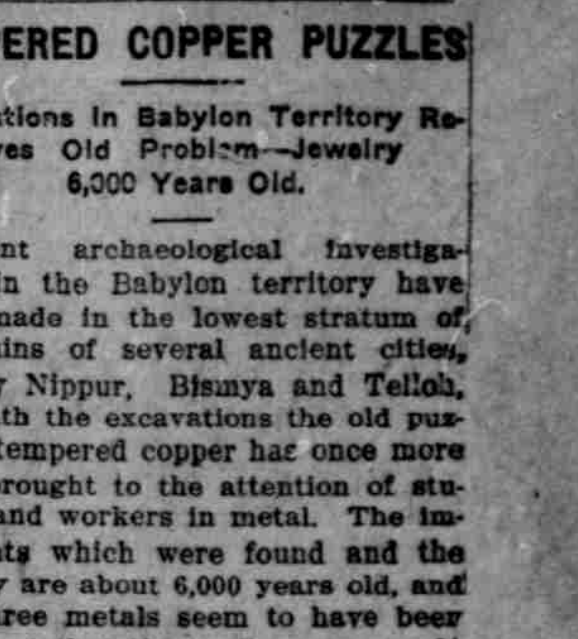
In some cases a serious problem, and a committee of the American Chemical Society, under the chairmanship of G. A. Allen, Swanton, Pa., has undertaken a solution. Manufacturers are to report the waste available. Each kind will be given a chemical analysis, and it is expected that materials hitherto lost will become economical new sources of chemical elements and of various profitable new products.

Non-Inflammable Celluloid.

A non-inflammable celluloid has been patented by Prof. J. H. Gaudier. The chief feature of the process is the employment of an ether silicate instead of pure ether, which is ordinarily used with alcohol as the solvent in the agglutination of nitro-cellulose fibers by means of camphor.

Repairing With Cement.

An injection of cement was the method used to repair a broken stone railway bridge at Hamburg, Germany. The arches—51 feet in span—were cracked in all directions, and small holes were bored partly through the masonry at the sides of the cracks, and then cement mortar was forced in at a pressure of five atmospheres. When this had hardened, the stonework was found to be thoroughly consolidated.



TEMPERED COPPER PUZZLES

Excavations in Babylon Territory Revives Old Problem—Jewelry 6,000 Years Old.

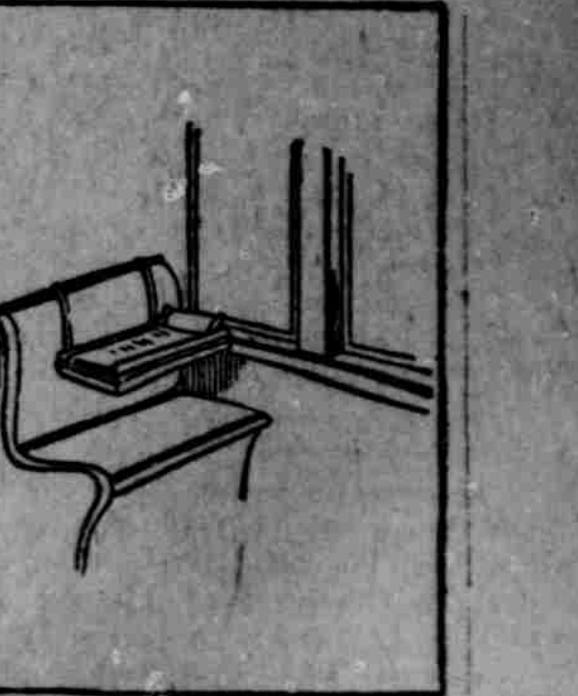
Recent archaeological investigations in the Babylon territory have been made in the lowest stratum of the ruins of several ancient cities, notably Nippur, Bismya and Tellah, and with the excavations the old puzzle of tempered copper has once more been brought to the attention of students and workers in metal. The implements which were found and the jewelry are about 6,000 years old, and just three metals seem to have been known at that time—silver, rare gold in abundance, and copper for all practical purposes and for ornamental purposes as well as for ornamental purposes. Bronze was quite unknown, but the remarkable fact of the copper implements is that they seemed to be as tempered and hardened that the few cutters and cameo engravers were able to cut the hardest substances as delicately and intricately as a modern artisan can with all his appliances. A careful analysis of the copper tools gives no evidence of an alloy, and the lost process remains a mystery to moderns.

The jewelry discovered, including gold filled hair pins, necklaces and numerous beads, copper rings of all sorts, and pins and gold roses set with stones, is beautifully designed and proves that the smiths of that most remote age were skillful and artistic workers.

Even such implements as scythes and other implements of agriculture as well as weapons have been found made of pure copper and hardened to wear and cut like steel.

COT FOR TRAVELING INFANT

Can Be Hung Over Back of Car Seat—Permits Child to Sleep in Peace and Comfort.



The problem with what to do with baby on a long railroad ride has been solved by a California man. He has devised a collapsible cot, which can be hung on the back of the seat in front and in which the child can sleep in peace and comfort—for himself, his parents and the other passengers. This cot or berth consists of a bottom to support a tiny mattress and hinged sides to fold down when it is not in use and open up for support when the cot is in use. Around the whole affair goes a metal hanger frame, from which arise two U-shaped hooks, which hook over the back of the seat and support the little berth without interfering with the occupants of the forward seat. As this article takes up little room when folded, it will be found a blessing by mothers who have to take infants on long trips, as it can be adjusted in a few moments and the little one allowed to take his rest without encumbering his parent.

Hardened Steel Dies.

Hardened steel dies are produced by electrolytic etching in a recently patented German process. A die-block of hard steel is first made, and this is placed in contact with a plaster of Paris reverse model made conducting by saturation with sal ammoniac. With the special dynamo, with a capacity of 30 amperes at 1 to 15 volts, the die-block is etched to a depth of one-sixteenth inch in four or five hours.

INDUSTRIAL AND MECHANICAL NOTES

Sugar increases the adhesive power of mortar.

More than two miles of silk frequently are taken from a single cocoon.

The United States fishing industry employed 229,119 persons at last report.

Rail bearings for street car axles are being tried out by a big car building concern.

The Chilean government has under construction 16 different railroad lines or extensions.

Nearly 600,000 cycles are manufactured in the United Kingdom in the course of a year.

The world's product of gold since the discovery of America is estimated at \$130,000,000,000.

Cork, if sunk 300 feet deep in the ocean, will not rise, on account of the pressure of the water.

A species of stiff grass, which grows abundantly in India, is used for sticks in making matches in that country.

The Austrians claim to have advanced the art of horsehoes to a greater extent than any other people.

Ivory may be bleached in a bath of unslacked lime, bran and water, after which it should be rubbed with a dry sawdust.

As a bottle-opener a New Jersey man has patented a knife with a semi-circular recess in the handle near the end which holds the point of the blades.

The English inventors of a new alloy claim it is but little heavier than aluminum, but is as strong as steel, and that it can be rolled, drawn, stamped, expanded or forged.

Timber is protected from dry rot and insect attacks by boiling it and allowing it to cool in and absorb a saccharine solution by a new process that comes from Australia.

More coal is mined per person employed in the United States than in any other nation, with Australia next.

Petroleum and iron have been found in Syria in sufficient quantities to warrant their exploitation by a native company.

Alaska's gold output last year, according to geological survey figures, was worth \$20,462,000, the highest since 1906, the record year.

More than 3,000,000,000 gallons of waste liquid are poured into the streams of the United States each year by the sulphite paper mills.

Wrong Conception of Art

English Criticism of the "Casement Cranes" Which Recently Has Claimed Many Followers.

There is an element which has come into existence during the last few years known as "new art." The way the temples consecrated to its cult are known is by their long cascades of the chief article in the credo of the exponents of this new art seems to be

that you are all right if you have a room with a long casement filled with panes of diamond leaded glass and a casement curtain—olive green for choice—drawn half way across the opening. It is no matter what the size or character of your room may be, it must not have windows, but casements. If you wish to be accepted as one of the elect you must also, no matter what the character of your

room may be, take care that the walls are done up in rough brown papers, as though it was your intention to paste a label on them and send them off by express to their destination when you found time to search for string. Now, one of the prevalent windows in its right and natural place in a cottage, the ceilings of which are necessarily low—not, perhaps, so low as those of the houses in Ireland, where nothing but place could be put on the dining table, but still low enough for the windows to be a good deal broader

than they are high; it is, however, absurdly out of place in a large apartment with a moderately high ceiling—Queen.

Ireland's Potato Crop.

Nearly three and a quarter million tons of potatoes were raised in Ireland last year.

Just His Luck.

"That's just my luck! Here is an airship overhead, and I've got a neck!"—*Flugette Blackmer.*